



Shadow



utopia

dystopia

whateverthefucktopia

33 2 6

Chapter 1 by Magic for the Damned

You live in a perfect world. It's perfect, except for a nagging feeling in the back of your neck. Then, you notice the girl.

You've seen her before, shadowed in moonlight. In the darkest corners, the corners where nobody looks at in this perfect, perfect world. You've seen her dark hair, darker than the shadows that she hides in.

But you ignore her.

You ignore her because you know the moment you acknowledge her, your Utopia ends.

Then the day comes where nobody is with you, and you find yourself staring into the shadows again. In the shadows, you find a shimmer of light.

You find a pair of eyes staring back at you.

You tell yourself she's a figment of your imagination, but you know she's not. She's real. And as she begins to speak, you realize that your world has now changed forever.

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Chapter 2 by SaintSavala

"Your fly's down, cocksuck"

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Then she retreats into the darkness from whence she came.

Shame. Embarrassment. Wretched self loathing that curls 'round your guts like one week old soup down a toilet bowl. Why did nobody tell you about your situation? Why did nobody warn you before you left your house, blissful in ignorance. Your feet turn away from your destination. Your would-be wife is left waiting at the altar. Your walk to the church was supposed to be the happiest day of your life. But how could you face her now? Cheating on her would have been so much easier to explain.

No. You have to go to the bar. A man like you can find no salvation in God - only the bottom of a bottle.

The girl jumps through the alleyway, narrowly missing cats, the homeless, and a hypodermic needle. The further she steps, the further she retreats from her latest target - Poindexter Michaels. What a stupid name. He deserved what he had coming.

The name of her organization is Nameless. Very on-the-head, if you ask her. Her job? Her job is to...

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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